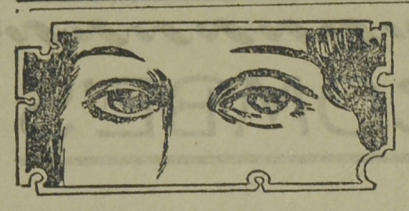

EYES SPEAK

Volumes, at times, of woman's happiness or misery. The dull, sunken eye, with its dark circles almost surely speaks of womanly ill-health, and its attendant suffering. With the dull eye goes usually the sallow, sunken cheek, the drawn mouth, the shrunken form—the whole glory of woman's beauty marred by the effects of disease.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the diseases which undermine the health and mar the beauty of women. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*, and so obtain the advice of a specialist upon their disease. All correspondence is strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"With pleasure I send a few lines to let you know that I feel much better than for eight years before taking your medicine," writes Mrs. Pierce Geise, of 822 West Phila. Street, York, Pa. "Will recommend Dr. Pierce's medicine to every person who may inquire as to what it has done for me. I was troubled with female weakness, and began to think I would never be well. If I had continued the treatment prescribed by my doctor I don't know what would have become of me. When your treatment was commenced my weight was 108 pounds, at present it is 130. Have healthy color and my friends say I look well. My best thanks to you and my best wishes, too, for what you have done for me."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged system from accumulated impurities.

A LOST WIFE.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

[CONTINUED.]

"I should be exceedingly dull company for you; I must really beg of you to go and find amusement elsewhere to-day. There is a billiard-room, in the town, and—and a reading-room, I believe; anything would be better, I should think, than a bread-and-butter girl, who expects you to make love to her.' "

"Aha! out at last!"

His shout of triumph positively made me jump. He flung away his cigar, and turning round on his elbows, leant his chin on his hands so as to stare straight up at me under my hat.

"I knew I should bring it out! So you heard my incautious speech on the stairs? Well,I guessed you had the instant you came into the room last night."

His eyes were sparkling with triumphant fun, his face and voice were full of animation. The complete transformation in his manner amazed and confounded me almost more than his words.

I stammered, and turned crimson.

"How did you know? What made you guess?" I faltered.

"Why, the Spanish point, to begin with."

I gazed at him in utter astonishment.

"I had seen you before, Miss Clifford. If you remember, you came out of your room once, ten minutes sooner. I was at the end of the passage, coming out of my door, too."

"I did not see you."

"No, I know you did not, you could not; I had blown out my candle, and the passage was quite dark at my side of the house; but the hall-lamp shone full upon you. I saw you perfectly. You stepped out and listened, drawing back your dress with one hand. There was a pretty indecision in your face; a white ruffle round your throat bordered your perfectly simple dress; there was no lace on your shoulders then. You evidently determined to wait a little longer, and I waited too. When you came down with that gorgeous lace wrapped round you, and that scornful look on your face, you were no longer the same girl I had seen on the landing. I knew directly that something had happened in the interval to upset you. Your very first words told me what it was. You were so feverishly eager to let me know that you were engaged to be married, that you were somebody else's property not to be made love to—"

"Oh, don't—don't!" I cried, holding my burning cheeks in my hand.

"You cannot complain of me, Miss Clifford," continued my tormentor. "You cannot but say that I took your hint. I did not press my attentions, did I?"

"No, you were dreadfully rude," I stammered.

"Yes, and though that is what you had wanted me to be, you were angry with me for it. So like a woman! Your song amused me exceedingly. I could not help giving you that one little cut. Will you not forgive me?"

"I wish you would go away," I said, in great distress. "I have made a fool of myself, and—and I think I hate you," I added, somewhat incoherently.

"Oh, no, you don't," answered my companion, confidently. "Now, look here, Miss Clifford, we will say no more about last night; let us begin afresh. But we must first understand each other. Let us look our position in the face. Here are we two people left together for a whole day, to make the best of each other; now, are we to spend it in fighting and snarling like a couple of terriers, or in rational conversation, like reasonable beings?"

"Just as you like," I answered meekly, but with a dawning sense of the comic in the situation.

"Well," he resumed, "let us begin by sweeping away all Bella's mistaken little plans. You know as well as I do, doubtless, what a matchmaker my dear little sister-in-law is. She is very fond of me, and you are her dearest friend; what more natural idea than that, therefore, you and I are made for each other? Now this is ludicrous altogether; it is also very embarrassing. You are, as you took care to tell me, you know, engaged to be married; you therefore don't want me in the very least. I have resigned myself to the inevitable, and I am in no need of a wife. This is clear, is it not?"

I assented, but I winced a little too. A woman does not, of course, expect every man to be sighing for her, but that he does not ask her to marry him is sufficient proof that he does not want her; to be told so in so many words is a little bit painful.

"When I have somebody's praises whom I don't know dinned into my ears, I always hate them beforehand, don't you? Shall we clear away all the prejudice which Bella's injudicious praise has roused in our minds, and, as we have quite settled the matrimonial question, agree to be friends?"

"With all my heart," I answered frankly.

"Give me your hand upon it, then;" and he held out his own to me. It was big, and strong and sunburnt—a manly hand that I think I could hold on to if I were in trouble. I placed my own in it, and he grasped it firmly for a second.

"Now let me look at your sketch, will you? You have got your boat-house a little out of drawing. May I put it right for you? Give me your brush—there, that is better. Your coloring is very good; there is a great deal of poetry and feeling in your distance; tone down your foreground a little more—a wash of cobalt will do it."

With half a dozen touches, he had put a finish and beauty into my little sketch that I could not have brought out in an hour's work.

"You understand painting better than music," I said, laughing.

"Much better; and so do you, I fancy!" he retorted.

And over this congenial interest we became great friends. I was quite surprised when the luncheon bell rang from the house behind us to find that the morning had slipped away so quickly and so pleasantly.

CHAPTER III.

"What shall we do with ourselves this afternoon, Miss Clifford?" asked Captain Thistleby, when we had finished our luncheon. "Take a walk?"

"No; it is too hot for walking," I answered, stepping out through the French window on to the lawn.

"A drive, then?" he suggested.

"Oh, of all the stupid things a drive is the stupidest. Besides, there is nowhere to drive to; the roads are hot, and dusty, and shadeless; seaside country is always hideous; real hedgerows are at least ten miles inland."

"What do you say to a boat, then?"

"That sounds better; but where shall we go?"

"Is there no object of interest along the coast I could row you [illegible]"

"Um!— I know a bay——," I began hesitatingly.

"'Where the wild thyme grows!' Let us go there."

"Are you fond of sea anemones?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Devoted to them, I worship them. adore them, would go miles after them!" he cried, rapturously.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Very Remarkable Cure of Diarrhœa.

"About six years ago for the first time in my life I had a sudden and severe attack of diarrhœa," says Mrs. Alice Miller, of Morgan, Texas. "I got temporary relief, but it came back again and again, and for six long years I have suffered more misery and agony than I can tell. It was worst than death. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for physicians' prescriptions and treatment without avail. Finally we moved to Bosque county, our present home, and one day I happened to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy with a testimonial of a man who had been cured by it. The case was so similar to my own that I concluded to try the remedy. The result was wonderful. I could hardly realize that I was well again, or believe it could be so after having suffered so long, but that one bottle of medicine, costing but a few cents, cured me." For sale by all druggists.

The discomfort of saw-edged linen is almost equal to the drudgery of the method that causes it.

Celluloid Starch does not fray your linen because it thoroughly penetrates the fabric and produces sufficient stiffness without the wear of the rubbing required by common cooked starch.

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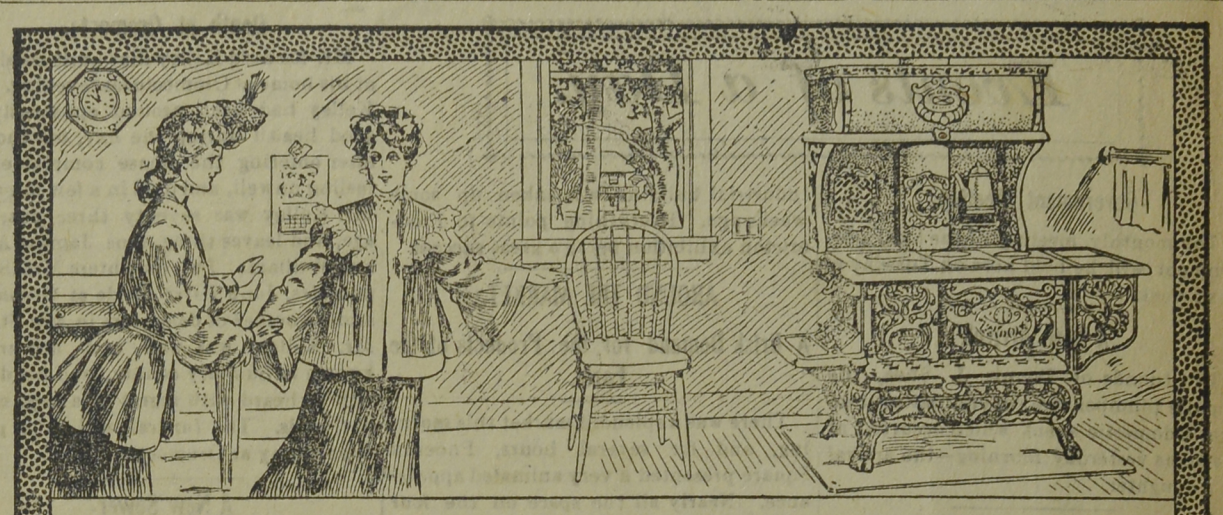

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Possesses labor and fuel-saving devices which are entirely new—triple, triangular grates, enameled steel reservoir and special flue construction, are not used in any other make of range.

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Bold, rich carving extra highly-polished nickeling, heavy leg base and sheet-steel warming closet give the "Pandora" a rich, elegant appearance not seen in old style ranges.

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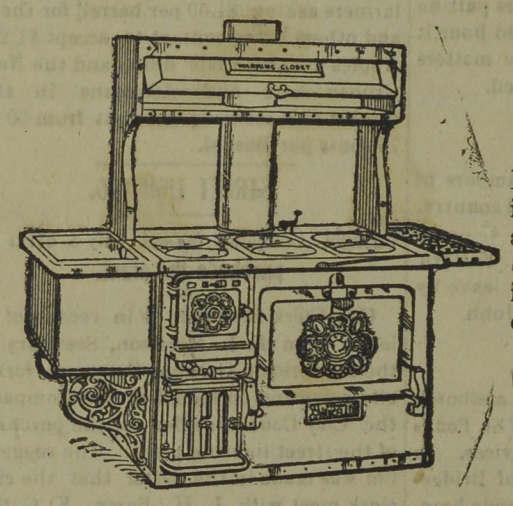

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OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS.

A Safeguard for Children Cutting Teeth in Hot Weather.

The time when children are cutting teeth is always an anxious one for mothers, and when this occurs during the hot weather solicitude often deepens into alarm. So many ills that often result fatally are liable to ensue that every mother will be interested in a medical discovery that robs this period of many dangers. Mrs. R. Ferguson, of 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, Que., gives her experience for the benefit of other mothers. She says: "My baby has always been small and delicate, and suffered so much last summer with his teeth that I did not think he would live. The medicine the doctor ordered for him did not do him much good. Then he was attacked with dysentery and a very hot skin and cough. I sent for Baby's Own Tablets, and they did him a wonderful amount of good, and he is now getting on splendidly."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid, at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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